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**CARDS, CLOUDS
& CAPES:**
CALRISSIAN,
IN HIS
OWN WORDS

BEAT THE WHEEL
> AN INSIDER'S
GUIDE TO WINNING
AT SABACC

* **NEW RECORD
FOR THE
KESSEL RUN**
> FACT OR
FICTION?

+
I LOVED
A HUTT:
JABBA
EXPOSED

**GRAY,
BLACK
AND GRAY:**
IMPERIAL
FASHIONS
FOR FALL



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Lando Calrissian



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HELLO...
WHAT DO WE
HAVE HERE?



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Part I

It is a period of scarce opportunity. In a galaxy overrun by an oppressive and evil Galactic Empire, there is little hope for a future free from the Emperor's iron rule.

But with the Imperials distracted by a growing alliance of rebels, smugglers and pirates travel the galaxy for fortunes found only by those daring enough to grasp them.

LANDO CALRISSIAN, a man trying to make his way through an uncaring universe, is willing to bet all he has for a single score – and it begins with the deal of a lifetime....

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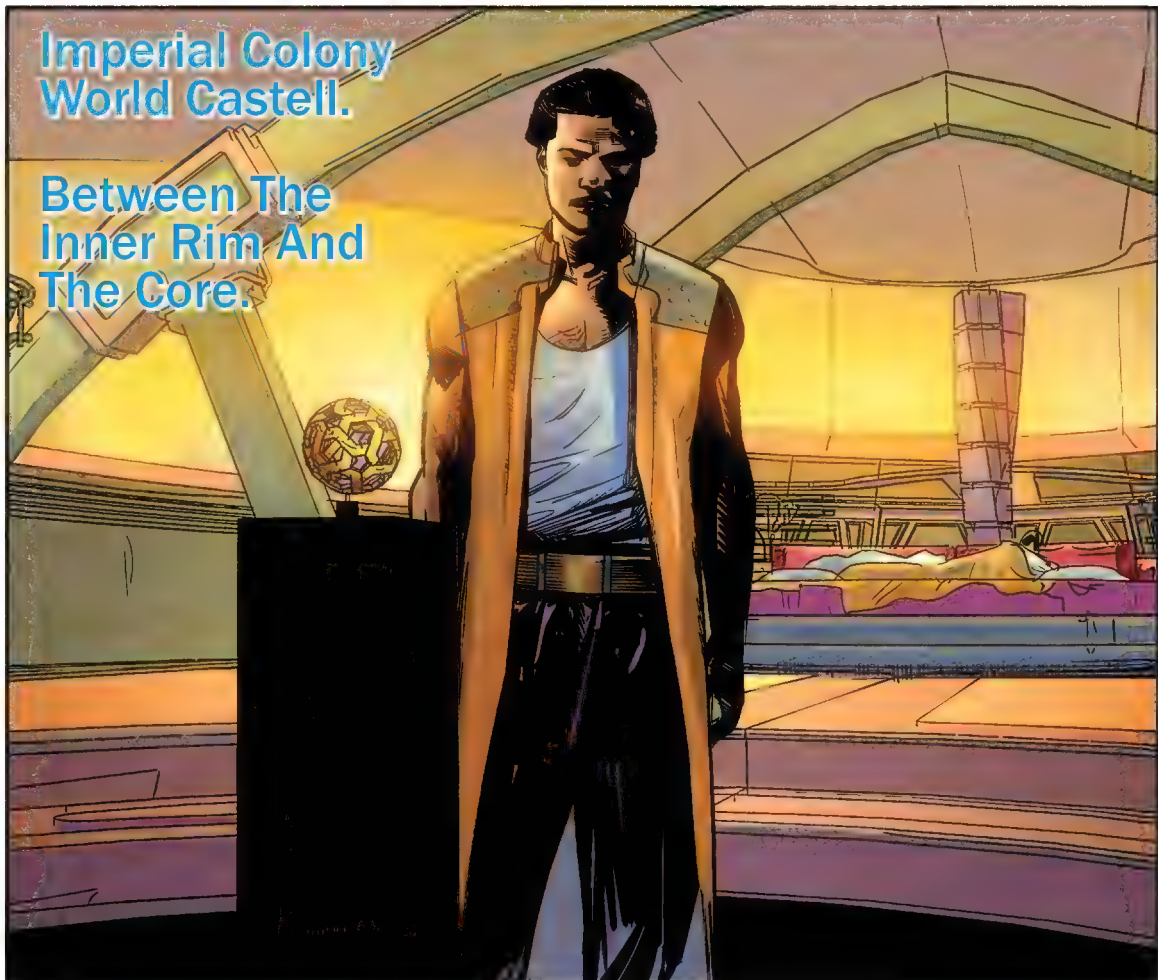
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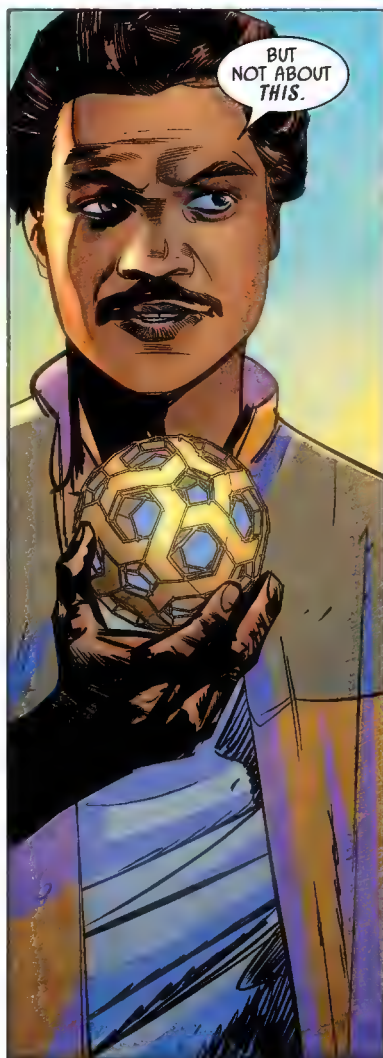


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Imperial Colony
World Castell.

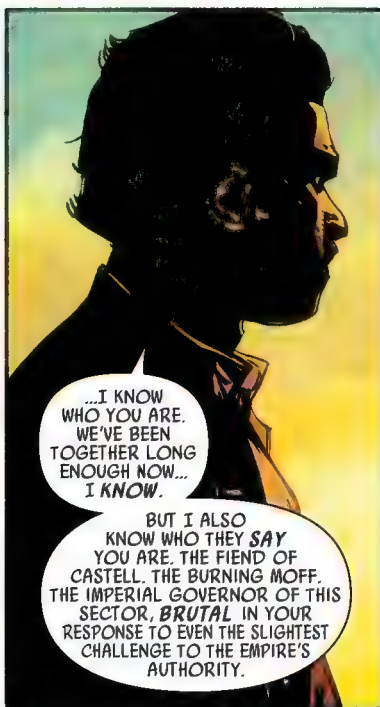
Between The
Inner Rim And
The Core.







LISTEN,
SSARIA...



...I KNOW
WHO YOU ARE.
WE'VE BEEN
TOGETHER LONG
ENOUGH NOW...
I KNOW.

BUT I ALSO
KNOW WHO THEY SAY
YOU ARE. THE FIEND OF
CASTELL. THE BURNING MOFF.
THE IMPERIAL GOVERNOR OF THIS
SECTOR, **BRUTAL** IN YOUR
RESPONSE TO EVEN THE SLIGHTEST
CHALLENGE TO THE EMPIRE'S
AUTHORITY.



I AM AN
EXTENSION OF THE
EMPEROR'S WILL. MY ACTIONS
HERE SIMPLY EXECUTE HIS
DIRECTIVES.

THE EMPEROR
IS THE MIND.
I AM HIS TOOL. IS A
TOOL RESPONSIBLE IF
IT IS USED TO KILL
SOMEONE?



OF COURSE
NOT, BABY,
OF COURSE
NOT.

IT DOESN'T
MATTER. I CARE LITTLE
FOR MY REPUTATION IN THE
STREETS. BUT YOU STILL
HAVEN'T ANSWERED ME,
LANDO.

WHY DO
YOU CARE SO MUCH
ABOUT THAT LITTLE
THING?



BECAUSE
I WAS GOING
TO STEAL
IT.



VERY AMUSING,
MR. CALRISSIAN.



IT'S TRUE, SSARIA. I WISH IT
WEREN'T. BUT I HAVE DEBTS. IF I
CAN'T SETTLE THEM, I'LL BE KILLED...
AND THIS THING'S INCREDIBLY
VALUABLE.

IT WAS
SUPPOSED TO BE EASY.
SIMPLE, QUICK. BUT THEN
THINGS GOT...



...COMPLICATED.

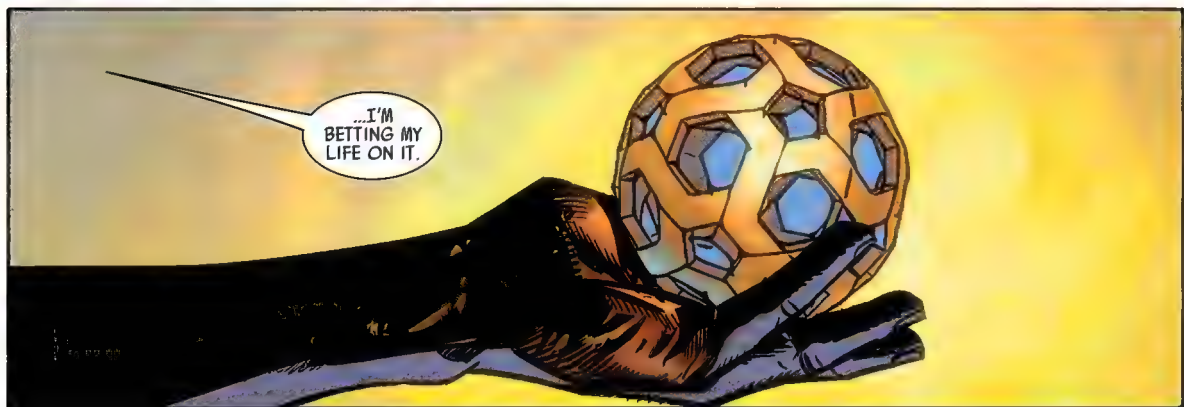
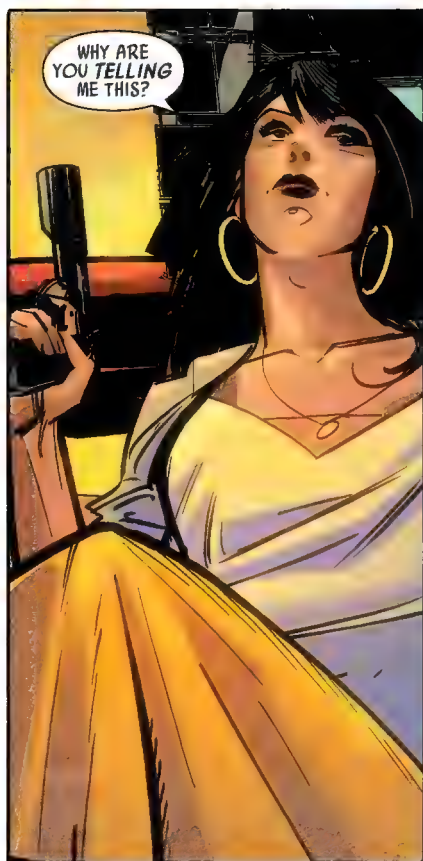
DO YOU
THINK I'M AN IDIOT?
I AM AN IMPERIAL
GOVERNOR.

THAT'S
NOT ALL YOU
ARE.



I COULDN'T DO IT. I COULDN'T
HAVE YOU WAKE UP, SEE THIS
THING WAS GONE, AND REALIZE
WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

I COULDN'T
LEAVE IT THAT
WAY. I COULDN'T
LEAVE **US.**







I MEAN...UH...
LET'S SEE...

YEAH. THE
IMPLANTS TELL ME THE
CHANCES OF THAT WORKING
WERE SOMETHING LIKE
ONE IN TEN THOUSAND.
AT *BEST*.



THAT'S WHY I DON'T
TELL YOU EVERYTHING
IN ADVANCE. NOT
EVERYONE LIKES TO
KNOW THE ODDS,
YOU KNOW.

BUT YOU
COULD HAVE
JUST...*TAKEN* IT.
SO MUCH LESS
RISK.



AND THEN
WE'VE GOT THE
FIEND OF CASTELL
AFTER US?
FORGET IT.

THIS WAY
SHE THINKS SHE HELPED
OUT HER GOOD BUDDY
LANDO--SHE CAN REMEMBER
THIS WHENEVER SHE WANTS TO
PRETEND SHE'S A *PERSON*
INSTEAD OF A MURDERING
THING.

IT WAS
CLEANER. IT
WORKED, AND SO NOW
I AM *CELEBRATING*.
YOU WANT ANOTHER
DRINK?



NAH. I'M GOOD. I HAD ONE WHILE I
WAS WAITING FOR YOU, AND YOU KNOW
HOW THE IMPLANTS GET WHEN I'M TOO...
UNFOCUSED.

FINE, FINE, MORE FOR ME.
I AM FEELING GOOD, MY
FRIEND. JUST ONE LAST
LITTLE TRANSACTION, AND
THEN WE'RE BACK
TO EVEN.

THINGS ARE
FINALLY TURNING
AROUND, LOBOT.
I CAN FEEL
I--



CALRISSIAN.

HE'S
READY FOR
YOU.



HERE, TOREN.
WE BOTH KNOW
WHAT THIS LITTLE
ITEM IS WORTH. THIS
SHOULD MORE THAN
SETTLE MY DEBT
TO YOU.

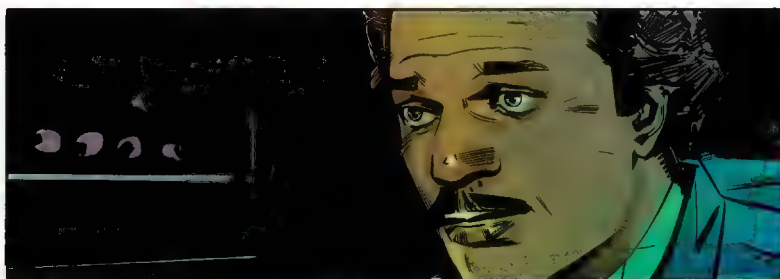
AND YOU
KNOW WHAT?
YOU CAN KEEP THE
DIFFERENCE. JUST
THE KIND OF GUY
I AM.



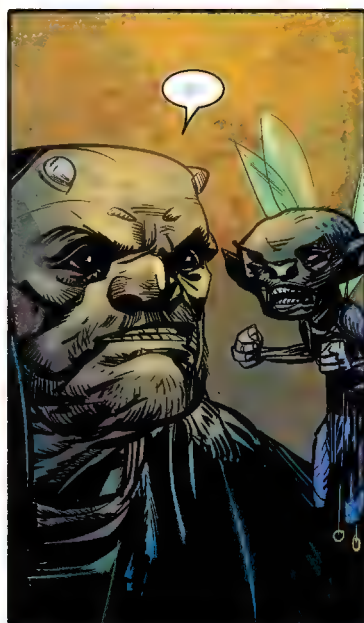
PAPA TOREN THANKS YOU FOR RETURNING
HIS PROPERTY, STOLEN SOME TIME AGO
BY THE DISGUSTING IMPERIALS WHEN THEY
CAME TO OCCUPY THIS PLANET.



IN GRATITUDE,
HE WILL STRIKE TEN
PERCENT FROM THE
TOTAL AMOUNT YOU
OWE HIM.



WHAT?







COME ON, LOBOT, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

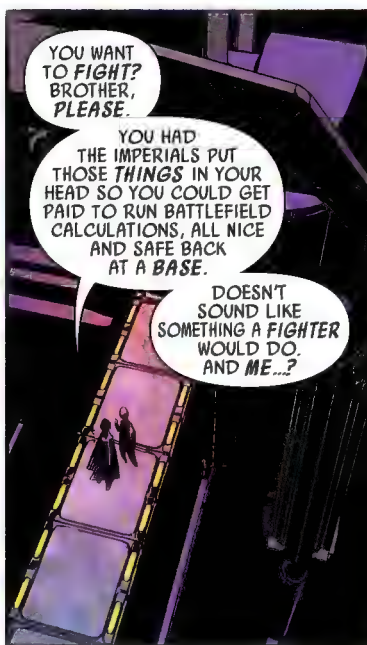
LISTEN, CALRIISSIAN, I'M NOT A MARK. LOSE THE GRIN.

WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE CLEAR WITH PAPA TOREN. I DON'T NEED THE IMPLANTS TO TELL ME THAT TEN IS NOT ONE HUNDRED. WHAT HAPPENED?



TOREN'S TURNING THE SCREWS. WANTS US TO DO A JOB FOR HIM. IF WE HAD A CHOICE, LOBOT, BUT--

COME ON, LANDO. WE'VE GOT A CHOICE. HOW ABOUT WE FIGHT HIM?



YOU WANT TO FIGHT? BROTHER, PLEASE.

YOU HAD THE IMPERIALS PUT THOSE THINGS IN YOUR HEAD SO YOU COULD GET PAID TO RUN BATTLEFIELD CALCULATIONS, ALL NICE AND SAFE BACK AT A BASE.

DON'T SOUND LIKE SOMETHING A FIGHTER WOULD DO. AND ME...?



I FIGHT MY OWN WAY. WITH THIS.

BLASTERS ARE FOR SUCKERS. PEOPLE WITH NO IMAGINATION.

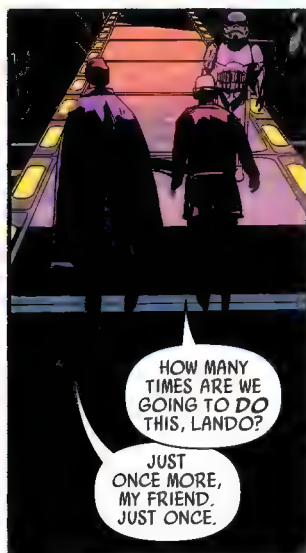


THINK IT THROUGH. SAY WE WENT BACK IN THERE AND WHAT...*TOOK HIM OUT*? AND THEN HIS PEOPLE PUT OUT A BOUNTY ON US, AND WE'RE IN DEEPER THAN WE WERE BEFORE?

NO, NO. NO.

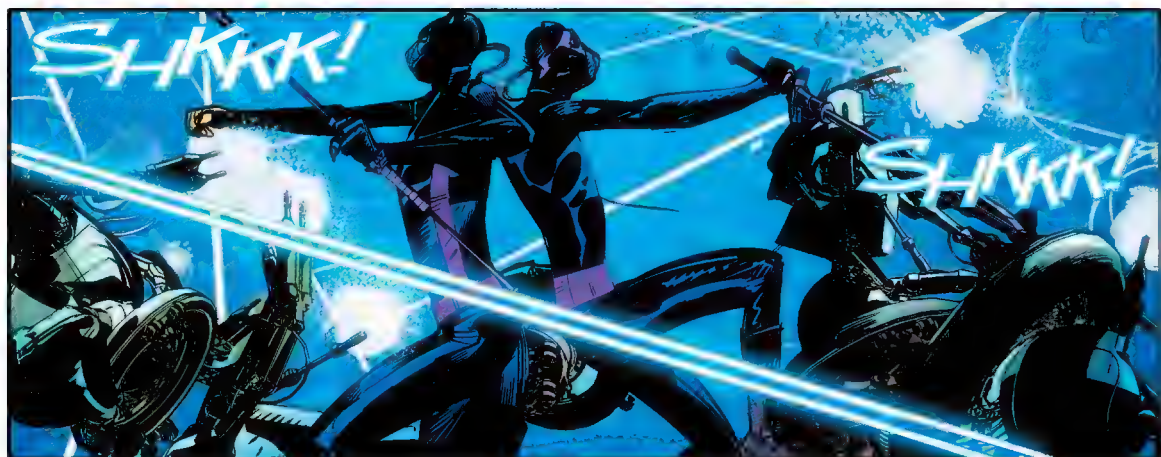
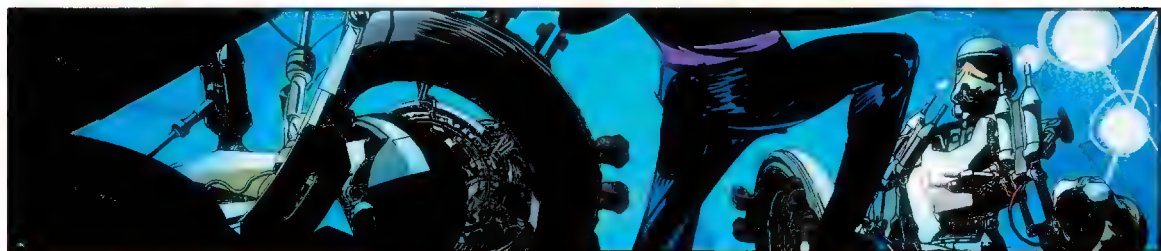
I LOOKED OVER TOREN'S PLAN. IT'S A QUICK JOB. THE PAYOFF IS HUGE, AND WE'LL BE ABLE TO KEEP A GOOD CHUNK OF IT. IT WON'T JUST GET US BACK TO LEVEL-- WE'LL BE AHEAD.

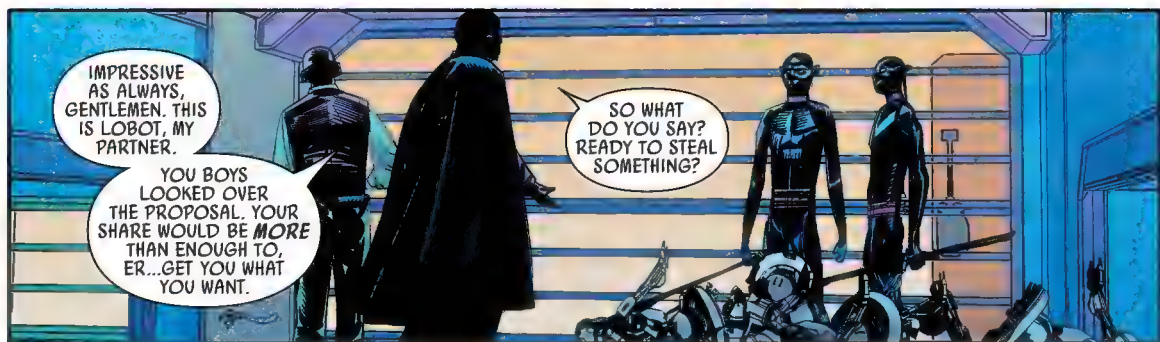
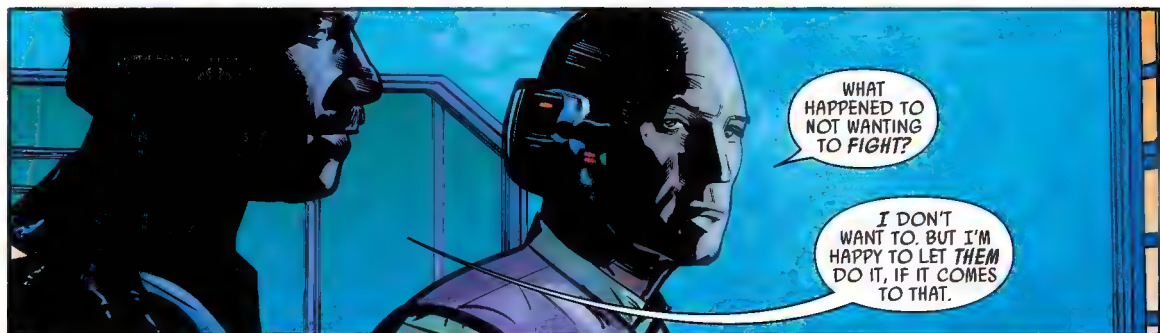
WE CAN START THINKING ABOUT NEW OPPORTUNITIES.



HOW MANY TIMES ARE WE GOING TO DO THIS, LANDO?

JUST ONCE MORE, MY FRIEND. JUST ONCE.







YOU ARE
OUT OF YOUR
PORUK-FILLED
MIND.



COME ON, NOW--CAN I PLEASE GO MORE
THAN A FEW HOURS WITHOUT SOMEONE
POINTING A *BLASTER* AT ME?

CERTAINLY
DOESN'T *SEEM*
LIKE IT.



KORIN,
LISTEN--I KNOW
WE HAVE A *HISTORY*,
BUT THAT'S WHY
I'M HERE.



HISTORY?
HISTORY?
I LOST AN EYE,
CALRISSIAN,
YOU FLIT.



BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I'M **HERE**, KORIN.

I MADE YOU A PROMISE A LONG TIME AGO, THAT IF I COULD EVER MAKE THAT RIGHT, I WOULD.

NOW, I'M JUST GOING TO REACH INTO MY CAPE HERE, VERY SLOWLY, SO PLEASE DON'T SHOOT ME.



NO PROMISES, BOKFACE.



HERE. TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, **SAVA**.

WHAT? YOU'RE A **SAVA**?

I WAS. **SAVA** KORIN PERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BAR'LETH, RIGHT IN THE CORE. EXPERT ON ANTIQUITIES OF MANY TYPES. PUBLISHED THROUGHOUT THE REPUBLIC.

BUT THAT WAS A VERY LONG TIME AGO.



SO? WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE THAT ANYTHING COULD INDUCE ME TO WORK WITH A GURTING BASK LIKE YOU EVER AGA--



OH MY.

Sienar Fleet Systems Orbital Shipyard CC-24

"SO THERE'S A *SHIP*.
PLEASURE CRAFT FOR
SOME RICH IMPERIAL.

"PAPA TOREN
HEARD THROUGH HIS
NETWORK THAT IT'S
UP AT THE SHIPYARD
GETTING A REFIT.

"THAT MEANS IT'S
UNCREWED. NO
STORMTROOPERS,
NO OFFICERS.
JUST **EMPTY**.

"BUT **NOT** EMPTY. THE
OWNER'S SUPPOSED TO
BE AN **ART COLLECTOR**.
OLD STUFF. REALLY
RARE. PRICELESS.

"TOREN JUST
WANTS THE SHIP.
HE SAID WE CAN
KEEP WHATEVER'S
IN IT.

"THE SHIPYARD'S PRETTY WELL
DEFENDED AGAINST ANY SORT
OF ASSAULT FROM ATTACK
CRAFT--TURBOLASERS ALL
OVER THE PLACE. WORRIED
ABOUT REBELS, I GUESS.

"BUT THAT'S
NOT HOW WE'RE
GOING TO DO IT.

"TOREN WILL SUPPLY US
WITH STEALTH SUITS TO GET
CLOSE, AND THEN LOBOT
CAN USE HIS IMPLANTS TO
HACK THROUGH THE
STATION'S SECURITY
TO GET US INSIDE.

"ONCE WE'RE IN,
SHOULD BE A SNAP.
THE STATION'S LIGHTLY
MANNED--MOSTLY
TECHNICIANS
AND ENGINEERS.

"GUESS THEY
FIGURE NO ONE'S
LIKELY TO TRY TO
STEAL A BUNCH OF
BROKEN STARSHIPS.

"BUT IF WE **DO**
NEED TO HANDLE
SOMEONE...THAT'S
WHY WE'VE GOT
THE TWINS.

"WE DO IT RIGHT,
THEY WON'T EVEN
KNOW WE'RE THERE.
NOT UNTIL IT'S
TOO LATE.

"SO WE
GET IN...



"...AND THEN
I'LL FLY US
OUT."

Woooooo-
Hoooooo!



SEE? WHAT'D
I TELL YA? EASY
MONEY. EASY
MONEY!

I'LL
BELIEVE THAT
WHEN I'M
SPENDING
IT.

COME ON,
BROTHER. WE
GOT AWAY CLEAN.
HONESTLY...

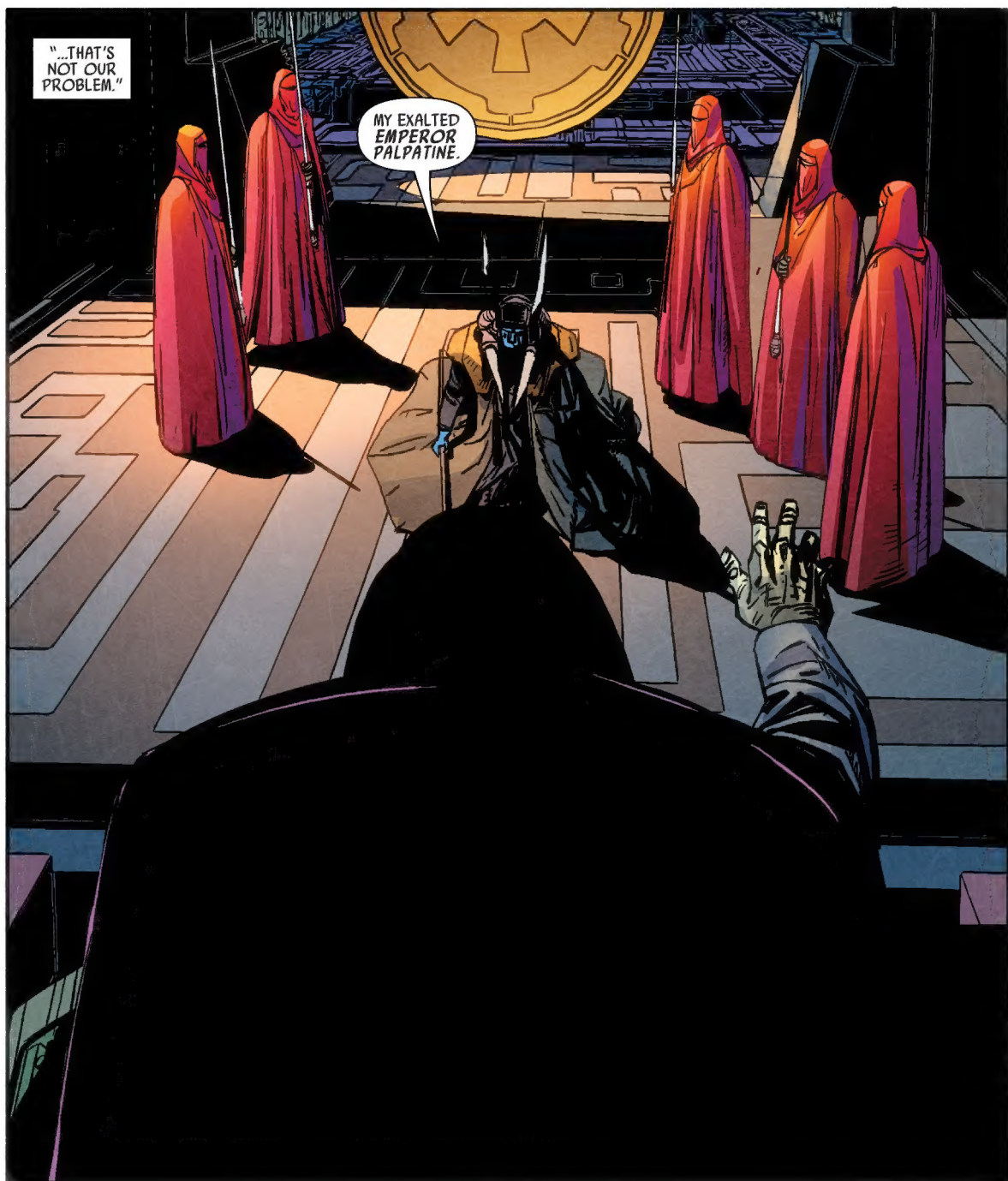


"...I ALMOST FEEL
BAD FOR WHOEVER'S
IN CHARGE OF THAT
SHIPYARD.

"YOU NEVER REALLY
HEAR STORIES
ABOUT THE IMPERIALS
FORGIVING PEOPLE."

NO, NO,
NO, NO,
NO!





"...THAT'S
NOT OUR
PROBLEM."

MY EXALTED
EMPEROR
PALPATINE.



I HAVE
SOME TRULY
UNFORTUNATE
NEWS.

To be continued....